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Source: *MoveableType*, Vol. 6, 'Nightmare' (2010)

DOI: 10.14324/111.1755-4527.052

MoveableType is a Graduate, Peer-Reviewed Journal based in the Department of English at UCL.

UCLPRESS

'Every Night, The Same Routine': Recurring Nightmares and the Repetition Compulsion in Gothic Fiction

By Joseph Crawford

It's every night, (every night)
The same routine! (the same routine)
Feels like something is creeping up on me...

Monsters chasing after me,
I get no sleep,
I'm running, but no matter what, it gets me nowhere -
Something's under my bed,
Snapping at my leg,
I'm frozen...

- The Horrorpops, 'What's Under My Bed'[1]

Gothic fiction was born as a methodology for writing nightmares. Horace Walpole claimed that he wrote the very first Gothic novel, *The Castle of Otranto,* after having a nightmare in June 1764 of a giant armoured hand reaching out of a castle hallway; and since that one night of unquiet sleep in the mid-eighteenth century the form has gone on to articulate the nightmares, hallucinations, phobias, anxieties, and drug-induced deliriums of generations of subsequent writers.[2] The idea that Gothic fictions have their roots in the nightmares of their authors is an old and strong one, as can be seen in the persistent (but almost certainly false) legend that Ann Radcliffe, the late eighteenth century author of the first Gothic best-sellers, would deliberately eat strong cheeses and other indigestible foods before she went to bed, so as to induce nightmares that she could incorporate into her novels.[3] Whether or not they are literally dreamed into being, all works of Gothic fiction, if they are to function as such, must reflect the fears and anxieties of their readers and writers, and indeed often do so with an almost embarrassing obviousness: many of the Gothic novels written in the 1790s are clearly deeply concerned with the French Revolution, whatever their notional subject matter, just as much of the horror fiction of the 1960s and 70s, with its apocalyptic terrors and zombie plagues, is transparently about the threat of nuclear war.[4] Thus, at the heart of almost all such fiction lies a scene of fear, a traumatic encounter with the terrible, and in literature and film alike these scenes are often marked with characteristics redolent of the experience of nightmare: the dilation of time, the rupture of linear experience, and feelings of helplessness, horror, and dread.

And yet, for a genre that notionally exists to articulate unique and terrifying encounters with the numinous, those moments in our lives that are most utterly and horribly unlike any of the others, Gothic fiction in all its forms has always displayed a powerful tendency towards repetition. *The Castle of Otranto* was viewed by its first readers as a one-off literary curiosity, but following the commercial success of Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* in 1794 and the controversy over Lewis' scandalous novel *The Monk* in 1796, Gothic romances began to be published in tremendous numbers: Robert Miles estimates that such works made up about 30% of all novels published in Britain between 1788 and 1807, reaching a high point of 38% in 1795.[5] Often highly derivative of Radcliffe – whose own novels, with their largely interchangeable heroines, inevitably explained ghosts, and interminable narratives of capture, escape, and recapture, were already strongly repetitive – these works served to swiftly codify the genre's features, so that by about 1800 it had already built up an immense collection of tropes and clichés, most of which are still with it to this day: if one were, like the adolescent Percy Shelley, to pick up any 'shilling shocker' in the first years of the nineteenth century, one could reasonably expect to encounter ruinous old Gothic abbeys or castles, fearsome villains with flashing eyes, hidden corridors, sinister family secrets, and terrified maidens fleeing down dark corridors in white dresses, all of which continue to appear two hundred years on in neo-Gothic works such as Elizabeth Kostova's *The Historian* or Stephanie Meyer's *Twilight*.[6] So clichéd have the endlessly-repeated scenes of Gothic fiction become that, collectively, they form an instantly-recognisable visual shorthand that is liable to be deployed whenever fear or villainy are under discussion, whatever the context may be: political cartoonists have been portraying politicians they wish to criticise as vampires or other Gothic monsters for decades, taking for granted that their audience will understand their implicit message, and we all know that the silhouette of a Gothic castle on a mountaintop in a storm stands for 'evil' or 'danger', even though there is no *a priori* reason we should not associate it with, say, sublime beauty, or security, or hospitality, instead. Repetition seems built into the form at every level: not only do Gothic works repeat each other, with very similar scenes appearing in many different stories, but they also tend to repeat themselves, their plots enacting the same scenes over and over again. How many times does Dracula rise from the dead and feed upon the living? How many times does Melmoth the Wanderer try to tempt innocent souls to destruction? How many times does Dr Jekyll undergo his fearful metamorphosis? How many secret passages do Emily and her allies discover in *The Mysteries of Udolpho?* How many times does Hannibal Lecter have his old friends for dinner?

Ironically, eighteenth and nineteenth century critics from Blake to Ruskin praised medieval Gothic art and architecture for its endless variety, as opposed to the supposedly mathematical regularity of the classical style; whatever its other strengths or weaknesses, Gothic art could be relied upon to never be the same twice, exhibiting the same freedom of spirit which, in politics, was understood to have been the cultural legacy of the

Goths themselves.[7] But the same is not true of Gothic fiction, and the iconic locales from which its gets its name seldom exhibit such diversity. Like the nightmarish and impossible imaginary spaces of Piranesi's 'Carceri', whose continually recurring pillars, walkways, and staircases, interspersed with apparently random scenes of torture, describe a claustrophobic dream geography from which there is no possibility of exit or escape, these Gothic spaces – whether castle, abbey, dungeon, cityscape, or skyscraper – are characterised not by variety but by the constant repetition of certain stock features: endless gloomy corridors or alleyways, subterranean passages, hideous gargoyles, crypts and catacombs, sky-piercing towers, and so on, against which predictable backdrops certain stock scenes are enacted and re-enacted in one story after another.[8] Sometimes they are literal mazes, forcing those who are trapped within them to wander in endless circles, passing repeatedly through the same locations as they do so. It is a tendency to repetition that is frequently passed on to their inhabitants, for some of the most famous Gothic figures are all but defined by the loops of repetition in which they are trapped: the vampire with his nightly cycle of rising, predation, and sleep, the werewolf with his monthly transformations, or the serial killer driven by his compulsions to kill again and again and again. Not only are many Gothic personalities caught in personal loops of repetition, but the personalities themselves repeat from work to work: in the early novels, especially, the victimised maiden suffers her way through her story, passing through one fearful scene after another, and then in the next novel another interchangeable maiden must begin her sufferings anew, persecuted through another vast Gothic building by another crazed and domineering villain very much like the one before. (Not for nothing was De Sade, who subjected his fictional creations to such interminable catalogues of physical, psychological, and sexual abuse, a dedicated reader of Gothic novels!) Actions repeat: characters flee through endless apparently identical corridors, or else, in a visual cliché beloved of slasher movie directors, they discover that no matter how far or fast they run, their pursuer is always the same distance behind them. Even death often doesn't suffice to break these loops, for Gothic characters, once deceased, are terribly prone to returning from beyond the grave as ghosts, in which spectral state they usually endlessly re-enact the same actions, repeat the same messages, or haunt the same locations, over and over again. The worst culprits of all are vampires, who just will not stop *coming back*. The Hammer House of Horror killed Dracula off at the end of every film, and yet somehow he always managed to return for the next sequel, usually with Peter Cushing's increasingly old and tired-looking Van Helsing waiting for him in the wings, ready to walk through the same dance of predation and destruction with him yet again.[9]

This massive architecture of repetition, these endless loops turning in circles like wheels within wheels, suggest that the nightmares articulated by Gothic fiction tend to be recurring ones. An unsympathetic reading would be that this is mere unoriginality at work, a simple product of the economic pressures exerted upon Gothic fiction by its two hundred years of commercial success; it is surely not an accident that *Wagner the Werewolf, Varney the Vampire,* and *The String of Pearls,* the first popular examples in English of werewolf, vampire, and serial

killer fiction respectively, all appeared as mid-nineteenth century 'penny blood' serial fiction, the metronomic murder compulsions of their central characters mirroring the pressures placed upon their authors to keep writing new instalments of their adventures, month after month. Nonetheless, I suspect that there is something more fundamental in play. Is it credible that one could create a literature of nightmare *without* repetition? If one undergoes an event traumatic enough to cause nightmares, one seldom dreams of it only once; instead, it comes up many times, the nightmares recurring over weeks or months or years. A trauma is a *traum,* a wound, a rupture in our life-experience, and as such it is obviously not going to be possible to adequately assimilate it into a smooth, linear narrative progression: if it was, it wouldn't have been traumatic in the first place. We can absorb normal events into our ongoing mental narrative of ourselves, but traumas are the places we get stuck, where we trip up, and as a result they tend to generate mental stutters: we keep coming back to them, in our thoughts, our flashbacks, our fears, and above all in our dreams.[10] So it is also in fiction: trauma cannot be simply and straightforwardly narrated, for trauma as trauma exists beyond language precisely as *the unspeakable,* that which cannot adequately be assimilated into narrative or expressed in words. It should thus not surprise us if the literature of terror frequently finds itself circling around and around the scene of trauma itself, approaching it in a spiral rather than in a straight line: repeating itself over and over as it repeatedly retreads the same terrain, just as Freud observed that when his patients started to repeat themselves during analysis, it was often a sign that primal scene material was at hand. In *Beyond the Pleasure Principle,* he argued that the unconscious mind has no sense of time; thus the moment of terror, like the moment of desire, exists in an eternal now, regardless of whether we are days or decades away from the primal scene that originally gave rise to it in the first place.[11] Thus Gothic fiction – like pornography, to which historically and formally it has often been very closely related – is characterised not by linear and rational narrative progression, but by circularity and repetition, in which probability and causality increasingly fall away. The first reappearance of the apparently dead or evaded killer or monster in a work of horror fiction, like the first random sexual encounter in a work of pornography, can often be just about accepted as something that could credibly take place; but by the time we reach the fifth, sixth, or seventh repetition, we have clearly moved into a fictional space which is no longer bound by what is rational, probable, or even possible, but rather by the dream logic of our irrational desires or fears, which well up within us at periodic intervals whether or not it seems to make sense for them to do so. Thus Gothic repetition can accurately represent the way that traumatic events often continue to reverberate in the minds of those that have suffered through them long after the events themselves have drawn to a close: on a metaphorical level, all those recurring hauntings, repeated murders, and vampiric resurrections can stand for the habit that individual scenes of terror have of recurring again and again in the thoughts and dreams of those who suffer through them. One trauma can be the mother of many nightmares.

Besides, repetition itself can be fearful. The fact that nightmares recur is often part of what makes them nightmares at all: the inescapable awareness that one must undergo this event not just once, but many times,

knowing what is to come but helpless to evade it. Such patterns of expectation are used all the time in horror fiction, as means of creating tension and anxiety in the audience: once something terrible has happened not just once, but two or three times, the audience will inevitably fear that it can only be a matter of time before it happens again, and while once or twice the strange noise upstairs may turn out to be just the cat, sooner or later we know it will be the murderer instead. Repetition militates against hope, against the belief in the possibility of improvement or redemption, as in the Gothic wood or labyrinth where all paths twist back on themselves, leading to the place where the monster waits: you may have believed you were making progress, that you were heading in the right direction, and yet, look, here you are again… If the novel itself, with its steady, linear progression from beginning to middle to end, articulates the forward-looking belief in progress that characterised the age which created it, then it is only fitting that the Gothic novel, which embodies that same era's anxieties, should be characterised by backsliding, loops, and repetitions, articulating the fear that our lives and our history are not necessarily going anywhere except around in bloody and hopeless circles. The fear of the past, which is implicit in the very fact that we call our literature of terror 'Gothic fiction', also implies a belief that just because things are *finished* does not mean they are *gone,* and that the dead have not yet exhausted their power to harm. The superabundance of inherited insanities, ancestral curses, guilty family secrets, ancient ghosts, undead monsters, and the like, all of which pervade Gothic fiction, are all just so many variations on a single theme: the fear that, as Faulkner put it in *Requiem for a Nun*, 'The past isn't dead. It isn't even past.'

Furthermore, as Freud pointed in his 1919 essay on the *unheimlich,* even the simple fact of repetition can itself be a source of fear.[12] Finding a playing card – let us say the jack of diamonds – lying in a gutter is not, in itself, very disturbing: after all, people drop things all the time. But if we find another jack of diamonds lying at our bus stop, another outside our office, another outside our front door, another outside our brother's house, then we are likely to be much more concerned, much more afraid that something strange and sinister may be happening. We all rely on spotting the patterns and similarities in our experiences in order to make sense of the world; but a recurrence for which we can discern no reason is fearful, because it hints at the existence of orders and patterns that we know not of, and which we thus cannot understand, prepare for, or defend ourselves against. The paranoid sees such sinister patterns everywhere, sensing dark meanings where everyone else just sees the normal background noise of everyday sense-experience: to the victim of paranoia, there is no such thing as coincidence, and every repeated event, however trivial, is a sign of malevolent forces at work beneath the surface of things. Gothic fiction, being a literature of terror, often adopts a similarly fearful attitude to the world, in which the most ordinary events arrange themselves into sinister patterns. *The Turn of the Screw* is perhaps the best-known example of this form of novel, but much less subtle versions of the same effect can be found in many other Gothic works, in which the worst fears of the paranoid are often literally true, and trivial signs of the dropped-playing-card variety really are proof that an evil conspiracy is at work, or that a monster

has been unleashed, or that a crazed killer is just about to strike again. Seen in this paranoid light, the inevitable repetitions entailed in the mere facts of history or ancestry can start to seem nightmarish: amongst 'the most prominent of those motifs that produce an uncanny effect', Freud writes, is 'the constant recurrence of the same thing, the repetition of the same facial features, the same characters, the same destinies, the same misdeeds, even the same names, through successive generations.'[13] In Gothic fiction, something as simple and ordinary as a family resemblance can come to bear dark meanings, as in the widely-used Gothic cliché of the man who uncannily resembles a portrait of his ancestor, only to turn out to actually *be* that ancestor, undead or immortal or otherwise escaped out of history to trouble the world once more.[14] 'The frightening element' of the *unheimlich,* Freud suggests, is 'something that has been repressed and now returns', as the buried memories of traumas we have experienced and tried to forget resurface to trouble our dreams.[15] These uncanny repetitions suggest that neither time nor distance can be relied upon; no matter how far you travel, how many miles or years or generations you put between yourself and the source of your fear, that which you flee from may still be waiting for you when you arrive.

Yet if repetition is fearful, it can also be a bulwark against fear, and ritual, familiarity, and routine can potentially render even the most horrific events almost mundane. Repetition hardens us, calluses our minds; after all, if we've seen this a dozen times already and we're still here, then we're likely to still be standing after the thirteenth time, as well. When everything else becomes monstrously different to what we are used to, the fact that some things remain exactly the same can be an added horror, a final twist of the knife; but it can also be reassuring, a comforting refuge in a world otherwise grown dark and strange. In his essay 'Ceremonial Gothic', David Punter points out that rituals and ceremonies, like repetition-compulsions, function as a means of bringing order to the world; ceremonies such as prayers and funerals serve to mediate between us and the numinous, potentially traumatic and terrifying, realities of God and death, just as the endlessly-repeated home-made rituals of the obsessive-compulsive or the behavioural loops of the sufferer from repetition-compulsions help them to manage their otherwise overwhelming sense of anxiety and fear.[16] Struggling to reconcile the horrific nightmares of his traumatised patients with his theory of dreams as fantasies of wish-fulfilment, Freud argued that those who suffered from such recurring nightmares were in fact unconsciously 'endeavouring to master the stimulus retrospectively, by developing the anxiety whose omission was the cause of the traumatic neurosis'. Having been initially traumatised by an experience for which they were psychologically unprepared, the minds of such individuals were now driven to endless controlled re-stagings of the initial trauma, through which they would hopefully acquire the kind of protective anticipatory anxiety they had so disastrously lacked the first time around.[17] Freud famously compared such compulsions to the child's desire to hear the same stories repeated in exactly the same way each time, or to the game of '*fort-da*', in which the infant attempts to

combat its separation anxieties by throwing a toy away, retrieving it, and then throwing it away again, thereby proving to itself through repetition that lost objects can be retrieved again; and in this context it is telling how often the various monster-villains of Gothic fiction end up being dispatched through the performance of some kind of fixed ceremony, a ritual that must be performed *just so,* in exactly the same way it has always been performed, gaining strength and validity from its very invariance. The exorcism of the ghost or demon, the staking, burning, and/or beheading of the vampire, the use of magical rituals or formulae to defeat evil supernatural forces, the execution of the werewolf with a silver bullet to the heart: these things work precisely because they have always worked, because this is how these things have always been done, rooted deep in an implied tradition of effective repetitions stretching back into the archaic past. When we read Gothic fiction, the loops of repetition in which we very often find ourselves almost immediately entangled can thus serve simultaneously both to frighten *and* to reassure us; both important qualities for such a work to possess, for while Gothic literature may be a literature of trauma, it does not generally aim to actually traumatise its audience. Once we are a few repetitions in, we have a pretty good idea of just how bad things are likely to get: we expect to be scared, but not to be too scared, for as we go into the nightmare we know that we will come out the other side, and if it all gets too much for us we can always put down the book, or turn off the TV, and resume at some later point when we feel better able to face the fears we know still lie ahead. It is this controlled descent towards, around, and ultimately away from the scene of terror itself which, I would suggest, most consumers of Gothic fiction from the eighteenth century to the present day have sought in it: an encounter with the fearful which, like the *fort-da* game of the infant, is carried out on their own terms, and is thus utterly unlike the experience of such events in real life.

Fortuitously for the authors of such fiction, these controlled loops of repetition are also perennially popular with publishers, film makers, and other distributors of media, for serialised fiction in all forms thrives on them. Much nineteenth century Gothic fiction was published in regular instalments, sometimes – as with *Varney the Vampire* – coming to an incredible length when finally compiled; and the association between Gothic fiction and serial media has remained unbroken ever since, with series after series of films, novels, TV shows, comic books, and other franchises taking advantage of the excellent fit between the circles of repetition generated by the recurring nightmares of the Gothic, and those required by the commercial logic of publishers and media distributors of all kinds. Recall Isabella's reading list for Catherine from *Northanger Abbey:*

> 'Dear creature! How much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished Udolpho, we will read the Italian together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you.'
>
> 'Have you, indeed! How glad I am! What are they all?'
>
> 'I will read you their names directly; here they are, in my pocketbook. Castle of Wolfenbach, Clermont,

> Mysterious Warnings, Necromancer of the Black Forest, Midnight Bell, Orphan of the Rhine, and Horrid Mysteries. Those will last us some time.'[18]

Necromancers, castles, horrors, and mysteries shrink down from sources of dread to a mere means of filling idle hours; the most important promise held out by this list of books, and the cavalcade of nightmares they contain, is not that they will elevate, instruct, or terrify their readers, but that they 'will last us some time'. *The Mysteries of Udolpho* is a lengthy novel, but Catherine is a fast reader, who has already reached the famous black veil scene and will probably finish the whole book before long; and if Gothic fiction is to keep her occupied for long she will require a whole series of such novels, which can be relied upon to deliver the same sort of reading experiences repeatedly, if not indefinitely. Consumers of Gothic fiction, from Catherine Morland and Isabella Tilney to the paranormal romance fans of the present day, have overwhelmingly demonstrated that what they seek from such fictions is not just a single scene of disorientation or fear but the same scene, over and over again, whether in multiple different, similar works – one thinks of the avalanches of Gothic romances which followed the success of Ann Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* in 1794, or Stephanie Meyer's *Twilight* in 2005 – or at several different points within an extended work, such as *Melmoth the Wanderer, Varney the Vampire,* the Hammer Horror *Dracula* films, the 1,225 episodes of the Gothic soap opera *Dark Shadows*, or the increasingly torturous extended story-lines of horror computer game franchises such as *Resident Evil* and *House of the Dead.* It is in the most interminable of such serials that we perhaps glimpse most clearly how such fiction can work, endlessly postponing both final escape and final destruction: there is always another descent into the nightmare, and yet, at the far side of it, we know that there is always another dawn. Fearful, certainly; and yet also oddly reassuring, even comforting, to know that forever, or at least for as long as one chooses to keep reading (or watching, or playing), one can expect, every night, the same routine.

Joseph Crawford

NOTES

1. 'What's Under My Bed' is the 11th track of the first Horrorpops album, *Hell Yeah* (Hellcat records, 2004). Lyrics by Patricia Day.
2. On Walpole's dream, see Timothy Mowl, *Horace Walpole: the Great Outsider* (London: John Murray, 1996), pp. 127, 182-3.
3. Rictor Norton, *Mistress of Udolpho: The Life of Ann Radcliffe* (London: Leicester University Press, 1999), pp. 215-6.
4. On early gothic fictions as re-imaginings of the French Revolution, see Ronald Paulson, *Representations of Revolution, 1789-1820* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1983), chapter 7.
5. Robert Miles, 'The 1790s: the Effulgence of the Gothic', in Jerrold Hogle, ed., *The Cambridge Companion to Gothic Fiction* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2002), p. 42.

6. For more on the 'shilling shockers' of the very early 19th century, see William Watt, *Shilling Shockers of the Gothic School* (New York: Russell and Russell, 1967). Robert Miles points out that Gothic as a genre did change after 1794, insofar as the Roman Catholic villains of earlier works were increasingly replaced by sinister Illuminist conspirators; but as both the Inquisitor and the Illuminist tended to behave in functionally identical ways within their respective plots, the genre's tropes changed very little as a result of this shift in the locus of British anxiety from Southern European Catholicism to Northern European political subversion, just as they have remained largely unchanged whilst accommodating successive new embodiments of villainy – the Mad Scientist, the Urban Degenerate, the Evil Capitalist, the Colonial Other, the Yellow Peril, the Gangster, the Bolshevik, the Nazi, the Terrorist – ever since.

7. On eighteenth-century notions of 'Gothic liberty', see Colin Kidd, *British Identities Before Nationalism* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1999), chapters 9 and 10.

8. Piranesi's 'Carceri' are reproduced in Giovan Battista Piranesi, *Le Carceri* (Milan, Biblioteca Universale Rizzoli, 1975).

9. Dracula is burned to dust by sunlight at the end of *Horror of Dracula* (1958), resurrected through ritual sacrifice and destroyed by running water in *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* (1966), resurrected again by tasting blood and destroyed for a third time by staking and exorcism in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* (1968), resurrected yet again by black magic and destroyed by another exorcism in *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (1970), resurrected once more by another taste of blood and destroyed by a lightning bolt in *Scars of Dracula* (1970), implicitly resurrected again between films, staked through the heart, resurrected by more black magic, and staked again in *Dracula AD 1972* (1972), reincarnated by still more black magic and staked once again in *The Satanic Rites of Dracula* (1974), swaps bodies with a Chinese priest, and is finally staked for the last time in *The Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires* (1974): nine deaths and eight resurrections in all, not counting the original death and resurrection that turned him into a vampire in the first place. The contemporary horror comic book series *Tomb of Dracula* (Marvel Comics, 1972-9) made the titular vampire run a similar gauntlet of deaths and resurrections, with the Count variously killed by Van Helsing and his associates, a vengeful Scotsman, a team of African-American vampire hunters, a disembodied brain in a jar, and a descendant of Jonathan Harker, only to be revived each time to stalk the night once more. By the time Dracula appeared in season 5 of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (2000) his inevitable returns had become a standing joke, with Buffy re-staking him seconds after his resurrection and remarking: 'You think I don't watch your movies? You *always* come back!'

10. The *International Statistical Classification of Diseases*, 10th Revision, gives the primary symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder (classification F43.1) as 'episodes of repeated reliving of the trauma in intrusive memories ('flashbacks'), dreams or nightmares'. The American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, 4th edition, concurs, listing amongst its diagnostic criteria for PTSD (classification 309.81) that 'the traumatic event is persistently re-experienced' through 'recurrent and intrusive distressing recollections of the event, including images, thoughts, or perceptions', and/or 'recurrent distressing dreams of the event'. See http://apps.who.int/classifications/apps/icd/icd10online/ and http://www.behavenet.com/capsules/disorders/ptsd.htm.

11. Sigmund Freud, 'Beyond the Pleasure Principle', in *On Metapsychology*, ed. Angela Richards, trans. Angela Richards and James Strachey (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984), p. 299.

12. Sigmund Freud, *The Uncanny,* trans. David McLintock (London: Penguin, 2003).

13. Freud, *The Uncanny,* pp. 141-2.

14. Gothic fictions which employ this motif include Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer,* Lovecraft's *The Strange Case of Charles Dexter Ward,* the Gothic soap opera *Dark Shadows,* and the third season of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer.*

15. Freud, *The Uncanny,* p. 147.

16. David Punter, 'Ceremonial Gothic', in Glennis Byron and David Punter, eds., *Spectral Readings: Towards a Gothic Geography* (Houndmills: Palgrave Macmillan, 1999).

17. Freud, 'Beyond the Pleasure Principle', p. 304.

18. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey,* ed. James Kinsley and John Davie (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003), p. 25.